

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Tonz 'O' Gunz"

Tons o' guns everybody's getting strapped
tons o' guns got to watch the way you act
 tons o' guns real easy to get
 tons o' guns bringing nothing but death
 tons o' guns are in the streets nowadays
 it's big money and you know crime pays
 check your nearest overpopulated ghetto
 they greet you with a pistol not trying to say hello
 mad kids packed 'cos the neighbourhood's like that
 want some shit that's fat catch a victim do a stick
 kids pulling triggers, niggas killing niggaz
 five-o they sit and wait and tally death-toll figures
 it's crazy there ain't no time to really chill
 jealous motherfuckers always want to act ill
 22's 25's 44's 45's
 mack elevens ak's taking mad lives
 what the fuck you gonna do in a situation
 it's like you need to have steel just to feel relaxation
 tons o' guns

 tons o' guns you got we got they got
 the state of affairs yo it's like mad chaos
 i know a kid who just passed the other day
 they shot him sixteen times so there he lay
 you can pray for this shit to like cease
 but until then a nigga's going to pack a piece
 and yo the devil's got assasination squads
 want to kill niggaz 'cos they're scared of god
 they got camps where they train they learn to take aim
 at a nigga like a piece of game
 and i'm not seeing that, them days are gone
 'cos now we got (chromes) to put them where they belong
 so me a rude boy from and in a brooklyn
 fuck the bullshit pain and suffering
 i'm coming off with a foolproof plan
 as if each every lyric was worth a hundred grand
 i stand in the face of hatred
 letting off mad shots making devils run naked
 tons o' guns

 tons o' guns everybody's getting strapped
 tons o' guns got to watch the way you act
 tons o' guns real easy to get
 tons o' guns bringing nothing but death
 tons o' guns but i don't glorify
 'cos more guns will come and much more will die
 why, yo i don't know black

some motherfuckers just be living like that
they like to feel the chrome in their hands
the shit makes them feel like little big man
 twelve years old catching wreck
'cos there ain't no supervision putting kids in check
 people get wounded, others they perish
and what about the mother and the child she cherish
 the city is wild up steps the wild child
 tension anger living in danger
 what the fuck you gonna do in a situation
it's like you need to have steel just to feel relaxation
 tons o' guns